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Tiger, Tiger!



micheal

157 14 7

Chapter 1 by Captain

Panzer commander opened up his hatch to get a little fresh air. His blue, aryan eyes scanned the horizon, searching, prodding, for an american tank. His name was Michael Wittmann, he already had 106 kills, the most ever. He watched through the trees as four shermans rolled into the field, in complete view of his gunner.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



From the point of view from the americans

The young boy chewed his lip nervously, the gun all but shaking in his young hands. Had this been a different time, a different year, he would have been a skilled tailor.

The war takes, and never gives.

It was his first day on the field past training, and already, he was placed on the frontlines. The Americans were getting desperate, and the other side knew it. His hands, more suited for thimbles than shells, reloaded his gun. He had shot fruitlessly at the enemy, perhaps striking one or two down in the aimless onslaught. and had proceeded to hide like a coward. He didn't

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The gunshots seemed like they were coming from everywhere, and the smoke obscured the battlefield. The soldier could see the tanks advancing and the planes flying overhead. He tried to stay low, but the noise was overwhelming.

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Chapter 3 by Will Coloff



From the Germans point of view

Micheal went back down into the tank and manuvered it to be aiming right on the weak spot of the lead sherman and gave the command to fire, the shell blasted out of the barrel, heading straight towards the weak spot, it penetraited, blowing it up in one shot, the other 3 tanks turned their turrets towards the forest where Mich's tank was, they haven't spotted him yet and he loaded another shell into the barrel, but just as he was shoving it in he heared a deafening "CRACK". Fire engulfed his tank as Mich blacked out.

Chapter 4 by Unkie



A LITTLE HISTORY

The american solider, Amos Jefferson, an African American shared his first name with his father, Famous Amos the cookie man. Much was expected of the 20 year old. He was a kid in a man's body. He hadn't been involved in any kind of fighting, especially like this. He lived in a mansion and went to a private school.

He loved swimming, a sport that black men don't usually participate in. But he was good at it. Amos won the California state championship as a junior and repeated as a senior.

His decision to forgo scholarships for college to become a heavy equipment operator disappointed his father who wanted him to get a business degree and eventually take over his business some day.

Then one day he received a letter in the mail which changed his life forever. His draft notice. Soon he was in and out of boot camp. and found himself in Germany on the front line. There was a break in the fighting and during that time an officer was walking around asking if any soldier would volunteer for tank duty. A tank commander lost 2 people from his tank. There were no replacements.

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Mich woke up, his brown hair snapped up and he looked around.

"Ahh, you're awake," a heavily American German accent said to him.

Micheal looked around, his half burned face could see he was in some kind of camp and was tied to a tree. His muscles were tense and he wanted to relax them but they refused, the tree making it impossible.

"Wo bin ich," He replied, asking where he was.

"You're behind enemy lines," Replied the voice.

The Fresh shaven man walked away, leaving Micheal Wittmann, Ace tank commander by himself.

Chapter 6 by Will Coloff



Mich looked for anyone near the tree, everyone that was near his tree was working. He struggled to get his hands into his pocket to grab his knife, he got to his pocket but his knife was gone.

"Looking for this?" A voice from the left said in german with an american accent. Mich looked over and saw the fresh shaven man holding his knife "Nice try there, Micheal" He said again "How do you know my name?!" Mich questioned

"Your little record of 106 kills, of course we would notice" Mich looked around frantically and saw a man standing near him with a bayonett tied to his waist, he waited until the fresh shaven man walked away and made his (slow) move

Chapter 7 by Maya H. Taylor



They soon caught up with him. His heart was pounding, his mind was apprehensive, and his head was screaming at him,

"Come on Micheal, hurry up, you are going to get killed in a matter of seconds!"

How could they have found out? He thought that his identity was well hidden enough. Oh, well, things don't always work out my way, he thought.

They got him! Everything was... well, dark.

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Second son of the ironclad
Side of the battlefield

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